MRS. BLENKINSOP and the "INDIANS."

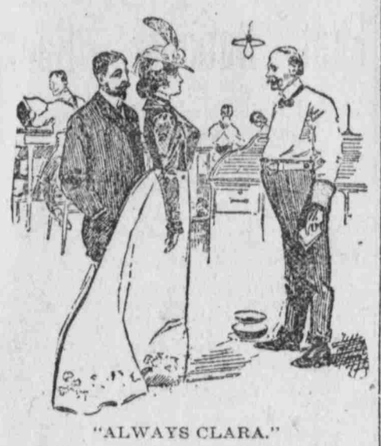
BLENKINSOP'S troubles began early in his married life—in fact, they began some little time before he was married, but he knew that he was to blame for it himself, and he is hoping that his wife thoroughly understands by this time how he has been maligned. He knows that he deserves her most implicit trust and confidence. He is almost assured that she knows it, too, but he wishes that she would not watch him so narrowly whenever he opens a letter and that she would not be so seriously playful when she searches his pockets.

Mrs. Blenkinsop believes everything that her husband tells her. She would believe in him and cling to him though all the world were against him, as she has told herself a thousand times. It is not at all likely that she would pay any attention to what a lot of mischievous persons said when her husband, her own husband, assured her that their assertions were false. And yet—! Suppose it was true and there had been such a girl! She could not help loving Dick. Dick would make any girl love him. And he must have encouraged her a little—perhaps a great deal. "How I hate her!" thought the little woman. "If only a part of what that horrid Mr. Waubeek said was true, then how faithless, how perjured Dick must be! Yet that must have been long before I knew him, so what does it matter, after all?"

And at this stage of her reflections, as the thing is not of the least consequence, and a matter of entire indifference to her, Mrs. Blenkinsop usually goes to her room for a little cry. But she is really getting over it to a great extent now.

It was the result of Waubeek's marriage. Waubeek, Todd and Sperry and Blenkinsop all toiled together in the same office, and they were very chummy, prowling around town in company after office hours, wheeling, boating and boarding inseparably. But after a series of mysterious absences Waubeek came to the office one morning a married man.

Blenkinsop's nature is a sportive one. He is given to what is called "joshing"—not so much now as he



"ALWAYS CLARA."

used to be, however. He perceived in Waubeek's marriage the opportunity of a lifetime for airy badinage, and he made the most of it, even to the extent of purchasing nursing bottles and teething rings and leaving them conspicuously on Waubeek's desk. Waubeek was a sensitive sort of a chap, and he used to show that these little attentions disturbed his equanimity. He said nothing, however; that is, he said nothing aloud, but he vowed revenge and bided his time.

Then Blenkinsop began to absent himself from the foregatherings of the faithful remnant and became serious and thoughtful at unseasonable times, as well as noticeably particular in the matter of cravats. Todd discovered him in the parlor once copying something out of a volume of "Elegant Extracts of Verse" which had not been taken from the center table except for dusting purposes within the memory of the oldest boarder. He told Sperry about it and the two decided that Blenkinsop had a girl and taxed him with it.

Blenkinsop not only admitted it, but gloried in it. Apparently he could see nothing ridiculous in the circumstance, for when Todd tried to prod him with some of the choice witticisms that had been used on Waubeek the lover looked at them as if he wondered at the depth of their imbecility, and his evidently sincere contempt checked them for a time.

The girl went back to her western home, but that did not make Blenkinsop any more companionable. He was forever taking from his left breast pocket bulky letters in square envelopes and reading them—even in office hours. Still, Waubeek said nothing.

One day Blenkinsop put in an appearance with a new crocodile valise, a dress-suit case and a new suit of clothes and told them that he was going to Denver and would be gone for two weeks.

"Going to get married?" asked Todd.

"I wouldn't wonder," replied Blenkinsop. "I don't want to make any rash assertions, but that's the intention."

Before Sperry could say anything Waubeek grasped the bridegroom's hand and shook it energetically. "I congratulate you sincerely, my dear boy," he said. "I wish you every happiness. May the pathway of your life be strewed with thornless roses. Don't mind anything these fujins say; they don't know. They may some day if they have your luck and mine, but they're in outer darkness just now. What train are you going out on?"

Blenkinsop told him and then turned to receive the congratulations of the other two, who seemed to have changed their minds if they had any intention of being jocular.

About two o'clock the next morning the sleeping car porter roused Blenkinsop from a sound sleep to give him a telegram marked "Important." As soon as the young man realized what the porter wanted a sudden fear shot to his heart and he tore open the yellow envelope with a trembling hand. But the message was dated from Chicago, not from Denver, and he proceeded to read it with a feeling of relief. It was signed "The Gang" and assured Blenkinsop of the gang's profound sympathy.

"I suppose they mean it well," said Blenkinsop, "but I wish I had them here, all the same."

He lay down, and in the course of an hour managed to get to sleep again. At five o'clock the porter awoke him with another telegram. This one exhorted him to cheer up and bear the ceremony like a man. At breakfast a third message was brought to him. It reminded him that he would be expected to wear a white shirt at the wedding. At intervals of an hour or two throughout the day telegrams kept arriving and all the other passengers looked at Blenkinsop with awe, believing him to be the president of a trust or somebody of almost equal importance.

But all this was none of Waubeek's work. He was content to leave such trivialities to Todd and Sperry. The schemes of revenge that he was pondering over were dark and deadly, yet they were all abandoned in favor of one that chance suggested.

Blenkinsop brought his bride back with him to the boarding house and Todd and Sperry forthwith became her devoted slaves, but they could not forgive Blenkinsop for his indifference to their gibes and his careless reference to their telegrams.

It was Todd who first introduced Clara as an element of discord. One day he said to Sperry in a whisper that Mrs. Blenkinsop plainly heard: "I wonder what Clara will say when she hears that Dick is married?"

It was evident that Mrs. Blenkinsop was agitated and Sperry coughed as if to call attention to the fact that she was close to them and said something aloud. The next day there was another mysterious allusion to Dick and Clara and the day after that some more. Mrs. Blenkinsop could stand it no longer.

"Who is Clara, Dick?" she asked.

"Clara? Clara, who?" said her husband, innocently.

"Didn't you know a girl named Clara once?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I might have known five or six."

"No, but Dick, don't laugh, because I'm in earnest. Wasn't there one Clara that you thought a great deal of—before you met me? I've heard Mr. Todd and Mr. Sperry talk about her. Tell me about it, Dick; I won't mind—much."

"I'll break their blamed necks," said Blenkinsop, savagely. "Don't you know, my precious, that neither of those fellows could speak the truth if they tried? They're just trying to fool you, that's all. No, there never was anyone but my * * *

That explanation served for a time, but Sperry and Todd persevered, and were delighted when Blenkinsop took them aside one evening and gave them a large-sized piece of his plain, unvarnished mind. They gleefully told Waubeek about it and Waubeek wrote "Clara" in his memorandum book. A few days later Mrs. Blenkinsop called for her husband at the office, and there met Mr. Waubeek for the first time.

She was predisposed in his favor, for Dick had told her that Waubeek had only recently been married himself. "It has steadied him down, too," he added. "Waubeek isn't like those other two lunatics, and when he says anything you can generally bank on it."

"I'm very glad, indeed, to meet you," said the bride, with a bewitching smile. "Dick has told me so much about you that I feel as if I knew you quite well already."

Dick grinned in an embarrassed way, but Waubeek laughed pleasantly and seemed to believe it.

"If Dick has talked to you about me I may as well tell you that it can be nothing to the way he has talked to me about you," he said. "He never seemed to tire of telling me how sweet and good and lovable and talented and sensible and pretty you were, and I made up my mind then that he must be either the luckiest man or the biggest liar in the world."

Blenkinsop looked gratefully at his friend. He did not recollect that he had ever confided in him to that extent, but he was grateful, nevertheless. Mrs. Blenkinsop blushed and was prettily confused.

"Are you sure it was me?" she asked, archly.

Waubeek leaped at his opportunity. "Why, yes, of course, it was. Always the same girl—always Clara.

"I'm always saying the wrong thing," he added, with a grave air of penitence. "I suppose I've said something I ought not to have said now. I'm sure I beg your pardon."

"Don't apologize," said Blenkinsop, indignantly. "I'll come back and see to you later. Let's go, my dear."

He was back again inside of half an hour and was then more than glad to exchange his full forgiveness for Waubeek's full written confession. But in spite of that confession, corroborated by those of Todd and Sperry, Mrs. Blenkinsop—well, she does not exactly distrust, but then—.—Chicago Daily Record.

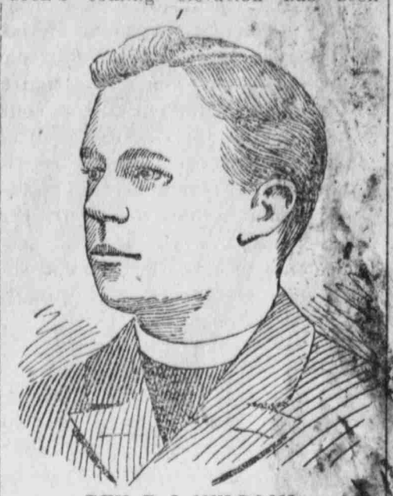
Easy Going Mexican Business Men.

Most of the business houses in Mexico are closed for 1½ hours in the mid-

REV. FATHER MULDOON.

To Be Made Auxiliary Bishop of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Chicago.

Unofficial announcement has been made of the selection of Rev. Father P. J. Muldoon, of St. Charles Borromeo's church, as successor to Auxiliary Bishop McGavick, of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of Chicago. Bishop McGavick has been so ill for a long time that he has not been able to share in the administration of the diocese. This has thrown too great a burden upon Archbishop Feehan, who feels the weight of his years. The official announcement of Father Muldoon's coming elevation has been



REV. P. J. MULDOON.
(To Be Appointed Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Chicago.)

withheld until his return from Europe.

It is not definitely known if Father Muldoon would accept the position of auxiliary bishop. It is said that he is too young a man to be made bishop coadjutor of so large a diocese as Chicago, with the right of succession to the archbishopric. In the event of his acceptance of the position of auxiliary bishop, Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, or some other prelate of maturer years could be transferred to Chicago to succeed Archbishop Feehan.

Rev. P. J. Muldoon was born in 1863 at Columbia, Cal., of Irish parents. His early education was in the public schools of Stockton, Cal. At the age of 14 he entered the collegiate school of St. Mary's, Kentucky, and four years later went to St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore, where he completed his theological studies at the age of 23. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1886, and received as his charge St. Pius' church, Chicago. In 1888 he was appointed chancellor of the archdiocese and secretary to the archbishop. This office he held until 1895, when he was appointed pastor of St. Charles Borromeo's, Twelfth and Cypress streets.

At the time of the world's fair Father Muldoon served as secretary of the Chicago Catholic exhibit. In addition to his duties as pastor Father Muldoon is the director of the St. Vincent de Paul society in the archdiocese.

A STORY OF SHERMAN.

How the Ohio Statesman Most Convincingly Rectified the Error of a Western Visitor.

The general opinion of the late John Sherman was that he was an exceedingly cold and reserved man. This idea is not borne out by the story of a western man who visited Washington with the object of soliciting aid and advice from the Ohio

SHERMAN WAS CORDIAL.
(How the Late Ohio Statesman Won the Admiration of a Constituent.)

statesman in an affair of personal importance. On arriving at the capital he was so discouraged by the reports of the great man's icy personality that he deferred his visit from day to day, and had almost decided to give up his mission, when, riding in a street car one day on his way to the capitol, he asked a question about the city of the tall and distinguished-looking man who sat next him. The question was pleasantly answered, other points of interest were pointed out to the stranger by his obliging neighbor, and a conversation ensued. Delighted with his new friend, who was so generous with his information, whose comments were so clever, the visitor from the west thanked him cordially upon reaching the capitol, and, introducing himself, asked his name.

"John Sherman," was the prompt reply.

The next morning found the western man in Mr. Sherman's office, and he then confessed the fears he had entertained as to what might be his reception from a man so widely known as being unbending and frigid. Mr. Sherman laughed heartily over the story, and it is doubtful if his guest ever spent a more agreeable half hour than that with the great Ohioan, whom he afterward described as the most tactful and agreeable man he